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1931



*In appreciation of her inspiring spirit,
and her whole-hearted devotion to Garfield,
we dedicate this Gleaner to*

MRS. IVA SMITH



Music Department

THE teachers in the Music Department of Garfield are: Mrs. Iva Smith, Mrs. Nola Johnson, Mrs. Dora O'Neill, and Mrs. Ruth Bellus. Besides the regular music classes, they conduct respectively the A Cappella, Girls' Glee, and Boys' Glee. Mrs. Bellus is the chief accompanist.

Owing to the shortness of the term, the demands of the Music Carnival, and the number of programs given, the organization of these clubs was delayed somewhat. They gave programs in December for the P. T. A., and the A Cappella presented programs at the Trinity Methodist Church and at the municipal Christmas tree.

These clubs have done excellent work, and are an honor to the school, and to their hard-working directors.

The Instrumental Organizations

THE Orchestra this year made exceptional progress under the direction of Mr. Minzyk, though a great many of our members were new. We assisted in the Berkeley Carnival, have played in other places, and our last appearance will be at graduation time.

The band has done splendid work. It played the night of the Berkeley Carnival, Library Day, and at other times this term, under the direction of Mr. Minzyk.

The woodwind chamber, which is new this year, has made an excellent start. It was heard at the Berkeley High School and will play at graduation. In this musical organization there are eight instruments, which are, clarinets four in number, oboe, bassoon, flute, and melophone.

All of the instrumental organizations wish to thank Mr. Minzyk for his wonderful leadership.

JUNE HAMM.



A CAPELLA CHORUS

TOP ROW—Lawrence Dickey, Fred Cooper, Travis Bogard, Winfield Branstead, Robert Boone, Wayne Busby, Frank Cayting, Ward Hall, Burton Marlave, Kenneth Guyon, Travis Green.

SECOND ROW—Miriam Parsons, Hazel Earl, Helen Hyerle, Robert Miller, Eileen Hopps, Robert Rust, Jane Roeding, Robert Piggott, Alice Fox, George Reed, Jack Carlquist, Phillip Watkins, Howard Finch.

THIRD ROW—Vernon Peck, Louise Ann King, Ruth Moses, June Bofinger, Bertine Stout, Lois Zurilgen, George Marks, Stanley Ward, Alfred Myatt, Jessie Neilson, Shirley Kay, Ardyth Kincaid.

FOURTH ROW—Hazel McKee, Louinda Puckett, Stanley Adams, Bud Squires, Jane Parrish, Betty Marx, Betty Jane Caldwell, Robert Mallary, Jane Malmgren, Phyllis Johnson, Helen Ingraham, Merle Cross.

FIFTH ROW—Mildred Shore, Marvis Campbell, Jack Broderick, Mary Jane Benjamin, Dorothy Larmour, Alva Rosedale, Lenore Hennessey, Lois Smith, Mary Lou Bailey, Edward Kotok, Mary Walker, Bill Brock, Catherine Cobb.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

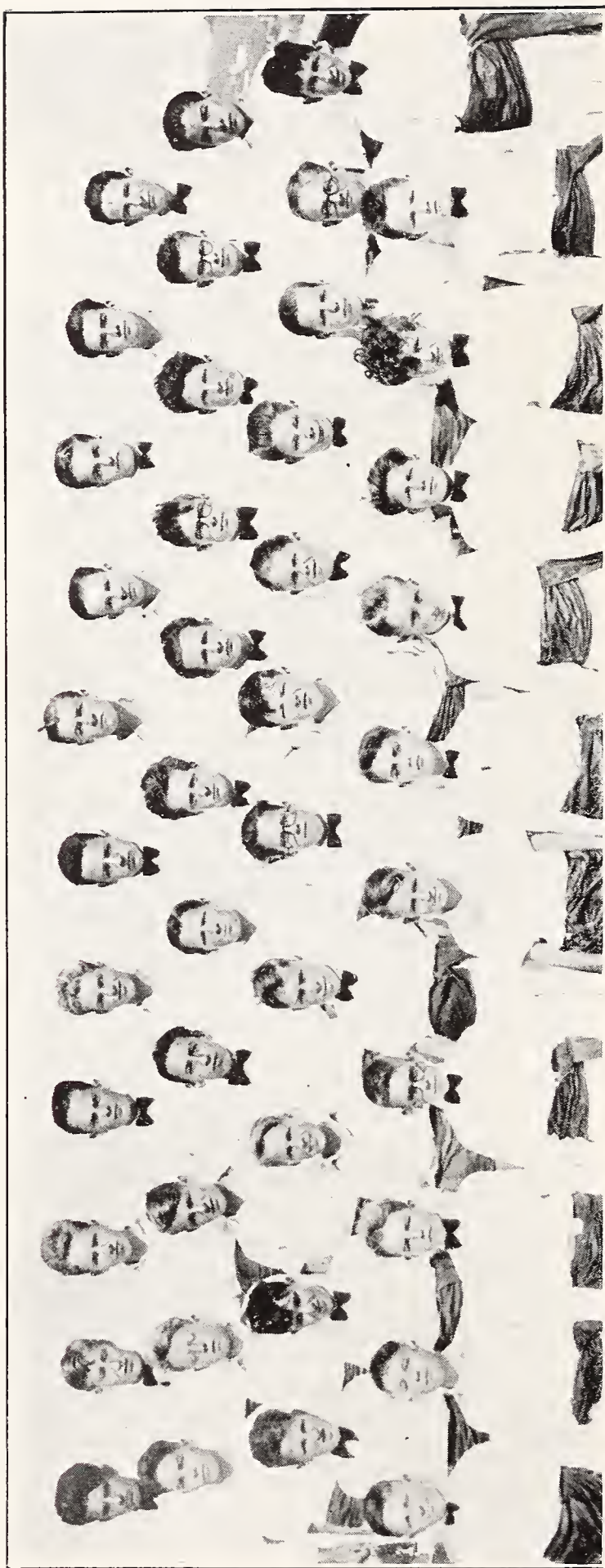
FIRST ROW (top)—Phyllis Dotson, Dorothy Wilson, Olive Graham, Georgine Drew, Odette Stuart, Alberta Finkeldey, Angeline Razum, Marian Scott, Dorothy Torno, Margaret Wingate.

SECOND ROW—Winifred Schmidt, Evelyn Hawkins, Dorothy Carlson, Virginia Gerling, Luella Johnson, Jane DeRoy, Myrtle Olivera, Katherine Edmonds, Anna Jensen, Rhoda Potter.

THIRD ROW—Rosie Llewellyn, Helen Arnold, Margaret Stratton, Helen Hanson, Florence Talbot, Elsie Wicks, Ardelle McElhaney, Mary Luce, Clara Stone, Meadus Rygel.

FOURTH ROW—Edna Rankin, Lillian Foss, Aline Monkhouse, Mildred Parker, Masa Sugiura, Anne Jepsen, Janice Judd, Claudine Price, Erma Ruth McDonald, Ruth Pauli, Sheila Smith, Gail Blodgett.

FIFTH ROW—Lilian Hennessey, Jean Schuchard, Thelma Nordby, Barbara Worth, Burnis Hunter, Clara Eriksen, Charlotte Janssen, Kathryn Ebey, Carol Corwin, Diana Patterson, Doris Ann Evans, Eleanor Wiley, Elsie McCulloch.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

FIRST Row (top)—Stanford Locke, Jack Mines, Gerald Broadbent, Doane Hickman, Ed Kinzel, Jack Chase, Raymond Delucci, Arthur Wright, James Haggard, Reid Macdonald, Bill Nelson.

SECOND Row—Thornton Miller, Earl Brewster, Renwick Smedberg, Woodrow Hamilton, Ian Lochhead, Fred Bush, Charles Smith, Lyle Duro, Jim Hewitt, Tom Banning, Carlton Peregoy.

THIRD Row—Raymond Healy, Kenneth Mickelwait, Kay Amonette, Eddie Jefford, Bill Bird, Jack Saunders, Robert Meaker, Albert Potter, Max Muller, John Owens, Louis Horton.

FOURTH Row—George Scheibner, Fred Holmes, Bill Ryan, Leland Kimball, Eugene Mayer, David Manbey, Payson Roseland, Arthur Sisterna, Nicolai Moffat, Frederick Kidder.



Principal's Message to Graduates

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE DECEMBER CLASS, 1931:

When the Gleaner manager insisted upon my picture for this page, I tried to persuade him that a photograph taken ten years ago, or five years ago, or even last year, would be better than a new one—with the sad expression that I always wear now because you are leaving Garfield. But when he told me that the counsellors were to have their pictures on the same page, I knew that mine would attract little attention, so consented to visit the studio. I have not seen any of the pictures, but if we do not all look sad it is because the skillful artist has touched us up.

After December seventeenth you will be part of the great army of Garfield graduates, four thousand four hundred fifty-six in number. A large proportion of those who preceded you are filling honorable positions in life, or have their feet firmly set on the road to successful manhood and womanhood.

As you leave us to take your places in the ranks of the graduates we shall miss you more than you, perhaps, realize. You have been helpful in the duties assigned to you. You have been faithful in your responsibilities. Whatever difficulties you have encountered, whatever obstacles have been in your path, have all been cleared away. While we rejoice in your success we have a real regret that we shall no longer play an active part in your school achievements.

Of infinite importance are the years just before you—the golden years of youth. We shall be eager to learn of your success in school, but more eager to know that you have chosen the gold of life, and not the dross.

The counsellors who look at you from this page, the teachers who have been your faithful and helpful friends, trust that the lessons learned in Garfield will be of permanent value in your future years. In your new life, as:

"Like the swell of some sweet tune
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June—
Keep through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

Garfield's blessing go with you.

D. L. HENNESSEY.

Faculty

[illegible]

Archer, Mrs. Kate W.
Arendt, Marion, *Counselor*
Barry, Margaret
Bellus, Mrs. Ruth
Boehne, Fred
Brennan, Mrs. Minnie T.
Brubaker, Emma
Brush, Charlotte
Collar, Gladys
Corley, Harold P.
Davis, Mrs. Dorothy
Dyson, Mrs. Margaret
Flanders, F. A.
Fraser, Annie Mills
Gavin, Mrs. Isabel
Gay, Adella
Goode, Beatrice
Gray, Mrs. Minna
Groefsema, Christine
Grover, Harriet
Hamsher, Alice
Hughes, Samuel
Johnson, Mrs. Nola
Kelton, Genevieve, *Counselor*

Kidwell, Ruth
Kilkenny, Mrs. Myrtle
Kleeberger, Mrs. Helen
Laurens, Helen
Leland, S. J.
Lowrey, Mary
Mally, Alfreda
Martin, Helen
Montagne, Mrs. Alberta E.
Morse, Blanche
Mossman, Edith L.
Nealson, Willis S.
O'Neill, Mrs. Dorah D.
Patton, Bessie
Patton, Elizabeth
Perry, H. D.
Piatt, Mrs. Mona Skinner
Riley, Irma
Rushforth, Robert
Russ, Mrs. Helen, *Counselor*
Smith, Mrs. Iva
Stout, Harriet
White, Irma
Whitnev, Roslyn Mae

Wilkes, Mrs. Emma
Wilson, Flora

SPECIAL TEACHERS AND ASSISTANTS

Minzyk, John,
Band and Orchestra
Hobbs, Martin, *Brass*
Kundy, Ernest, *Drums*
Robinson, Mrs. Ida, *Piano*
Salisbury, Ray, *'Cello*
Schott, Victor, *Violin*
Weiss, Joseph, *Brass*
Foster, Georgia P., *Nurse*
Thompson, Geneva,
Playground Director
Fitzgerald, Thomas J.,
Playground Director
Menefee, Mrs. Dolly P.,
Cafeteria Manager
Pettit, Mrs. Bessie L., *Matron*
D'Olivera, Antone, *Custodian*
Souza, Joseph, *Custodian*
Odom, Joseph, *Custodian*
Hoag, Jack, *Custodian*

GARFIELD is lucky to have a fine, helpful Parent Teacher Association, and a live, enterprising Dads' Club. The P. T. A. is especially interested this year in collecting and distributing food and clothing. They have also added new costumes to the A Cappella wardrobe, and under Mrs. Kelly's good management gave a fine lunch to the champion volley ball teams.



The Dads' Club has launched a movement to erect bleachers on the terrace. Preliminary work has already begun.

Mrs. Wag y is President of the P. T. A., Mrs. Jones is Vice President, Mrs. Watts Secretary, and Miss Martin Teacher Representative.

For the Dads' Club Dr. Watts is President, Mr. Watson, Vice President, Mr. Sandner, Secretary, Mr. Schuchard, Treasurer.

Garfield students appreciate the interest of the parent clubs, and thank them for their help.

Graduates



Stanley Adams
William Agler
Homer Andre
Ellen Anderson

Betty Andrews
William Applegate
Arlynn Barnes
Irene Bassetti

William Bassford
Pauline Batsakis
Roland Bauer
Leith Baird

Tom A. Bither
Tom Bither
Anna Bleumchen
Fred Block

Travis Bogard
Wilferd Bolduc
Robert Boone
Winfield Branstead

Helen Budd
Earl Brewster
Mildred Bryan
Vincent Burgett



Kenneth Burt
 Fred Bush
 Ward Carlson
 Robert Carson

Betty Clarke
 Douglas Clarke
 Robert Connor
 Fred Cooper

Carol Corwin
 Merle Cross
 Adele Crowell
 Robert Dains

Norman Danielson
 Alma Davis
 Emil Delu
 Robert De Wolf

Lawrence Dickey
 Myrle Dickie
 John Doane
 Carlton Doll

John Donovan
 Allen Dreyer
 Joe Dunbar
 Burton Dutro

Lucille Ehat
 Fred Ernest
 Bob Fairchild
 Jane Flower

Merrill Franck
 Dick Fryklund
 Clifford Guernsey
 Virginia Guild



Sadie Habib
James Haggard
Dorothy Hall
Ward Hall

Helen Hanson
James Hart
Ruth Healy
Billy Heans

Pauline Hemp
Charlotte Hunt
Helen Hyerle
George Itanen

Edward Jefferds
Brooks Johnson
Dick Johnson
Eoline Julian

Lloyd Kellner
Elizabeth Kendall
Robert Kennedy
Helen Kettenbach

Dorothy Kight
Ardyth Kincaid
Juanita Lehman
Gaylord Lewis

Earl Lindquist
Ian Lockhead
Doris Macdonald
June Mackedic

Burton Marliave
Ronald Matthew
Christine McPhee
Willard Mecum



Earl Menefee
George Moore
Mary Muloch
Dudley Munns

Jessie Neilson
Paul Norton
Lorraine O'Loughlin
Daniel O'Neill

Edward Patrick
Diana Patterson
Leonard Peat
Vernon Peck

Bob Pehrson
Dagmar Peterson
Robert Pickett
Douglas Potter

Eugene Rebard
Phyllis Renouf
Marian Reynolds
Carolyn Rice

Donna Roux
Adele Ryan
Blanche Salmon
Chyoka Satoda

Mildred Schirmer
Robert Scoby
Arlene Schueller
Barbara Schuessler

Willis Schellenberg
Merle Sedelmeyer
Betty Sheets
Nellie Schneyeroff



Aurora Sjobom
Renwick Smedberg
Charles Smith
Edward Smith

Lois Smith
Bud Squires
Philip Starr
Muriel Stoll

Clara Stone
Edward Strohecker
Kenneth Strong
Masa Sugiura

Nancy Taber
Florence Talbot
Edward Thrall
Kathleen Thomas

Dorothy Torno
Forrest Tregua
Jack Tuck
Annie Tufts

Fred Tulloch
Robert Tully
Gordon Van Nuys
George Vierra

Dorothy Waesche
Philip Watkins
Donald White
Hubert Willis

George Wills
Louise Wills
Arthur Wright
Jack Wright



✓ ✓ Literature ✓ ✓

In Bethlehem

Once on a clear night long ago,
When everything was still,
An angel flew to Bethlehem,
Over dale and hill.

For in a cold, dark stable
Which housed the cows and sheep,
A babe was born into the world,
And lay there fast asleep.

Three shepherds watched their resting flock
Upon a distant hill,
When suddenly a shining light
Illumed the night so still.

They watched a radiant star above,
As bright, then brighter, it grew,
For it seemed to beckon them afar,
They knew not what to do.

So God sent an angel down to earth,
To sing a song that angels sing,
To tell the shepherds of the birth
Of Christ, our Heavenly Lord and King.

So when the shepherds all arose
And went to the stable, cold and gray,
They found three Wise Men bending low
O'er the tiny babe in the hay.

LILIAN HENNESSEY.

Sacrifice

THE little Chinese harbor was crowded with fishing boats and junks, presenting an odd scene. The cries of the fishermen were flung from the decks of their tiny boats into the busy morning air, for this was the first day back from the long fishing trip.

Little Chen had gone with her father, Fu Lung, away up the length of the river, where it was sheltered from strong winds, to catch their favorite fish.

The journey up had been exciting and full of new pleasures for Chen, as it was her first voyage.

The first two days on the return journey had been calm and peaceful. The great gods seemed to favor the tiny boats, but on the third day the gods seemed to rise in anger against the fishermen, causing the wind to blow and the water to rise in great gusts of anger, while the fishermen, not knowing how to please the gods, prayed hourly for guidance.

The men had offered their great catch of fish for the gods, but it did not please them, and the waters continued to rise. They even offered the life of one of their men, and the winds still blew.

Then, in the still of the night, the great gods sent an idea to Fu Lung, which greatly disturbed him. Yet in the morning he gathered his men and said that while he was asleep the gods had told him to take Chen and sacrifice her, and the winds and rains would cease. No woman had ever before seen the sacred fishing spot and lived, and no woman would ever do so again, so Chen must die.

The men had grown to love the olive-skinned girl who was so happy, yet to please the gods, they planned to offer her. When she was told what was about to happen she made no comment, well knowing how much depended on her, and without struggling, she was lifted over the side of the boat.

As soon as her body touched the waters, the rains and winds stopped, and the tide carried her out to sea, following in the path of her father.

The gods, seeing how small she was, took pity on her and changed her into a red and gold fish that always follows the fishing boats to the sea.

LUCILLE EHAT.

Mt. Tallac, the Snow Cross Mountain

Mt. Tallac, majestic maiden,
Is the queen of an ancient race,
Garbed in pearly robes of sunset,
Stands erect with royal face —
On her proud brow placed by nature
Is a brilliant, sparkling crown,
While a snowy cross reposes
On the bosom of her gown.

MARIAN BICKMORE.

The Forest

ONE bright day in autumn three young men were walking through a forest. After they had walked for an hour they decided to find a pretty spot where they could eat their lunch. They picked a spot by a babbling brook where there was soft moss to sit on. The trees were gorgeously colored and the falling leaves were gold, brown, red, and grey. The silvery brook wound gently along, and here and there a playful trout slipped behind a rock. The birds were singing lovely songs and calling to their mates. The men said that they had never seen such a magnificent place and they were going to stop on the way back and rest in the same spot.

MARK ICANBERRY.

Lake Tahoe

Oh, "Lake of the Sky," you will always be
What a mountain lake ever is to me —
Your purple hills in the distance seem
Like heavenly mountains in a dream —
Your clear, cold water of three distinct blues,
Its ravishing colors will never lose;
With Mount Tallac tow'ring way overhead,
And sloping down to your sandy bed.
Oh, "Lake of the Sky," you will always be,
What a mountain lake ever is to me.

BETTY LOU HOWARD.

My Trip to Japan

AROUND two years ago I went on a tour of the Orient, and the most interesting experiences I had were in Japan.

The Japanese government is very particular about the foreigners that come into their country and as my father was a naval officer they had especial reason to be careful about us. We took a ten-day trip through Japan, and at every important stop there was a man with a blueprint diagram of every person in the family, his age, occupation, birthplace, height, weight, and also the places to which we were going on the trip. If we went where we weren't supposed to, we got into quite a bit of trouble.

We visited many interesting places, the two most interesting being two temples, one in Kyoto and one in Kobe. The one was set in the middle of the city in a large lot. It was especially interesting because when they were building it, they ran out of rope with which to raise the big beams, so the women in that part of the country cut their long hair and braided it into rope, some of which is still preserved in the temple.

The temple at Kobe is set in a beautiful park. It has its floors fixed so that when a group of people walk across them, it sounds like a flock of nightingales singing. It is nicknamed "The Temple of the Nightingale Floors."

Many people get the impression that Japan is *all* flowers and gardens, but Japan has many large and modern cities. They have big department stores and paved streets and traffic as thick as in our cities, and they have a wonderful railroad system just like our own, with big modern stations, and every train is on time. On the trip we took we passed great foundries and manufacturing plants, and went through several big shipping centers.

All in all, it was a wonderful trip, one that nobody can afford to miss.

THORNTON MILLER.

Sea Sounds

Listen, all ye
That love the sea!
The sea so white-capped and blue!
To some the sea sound may be new
But I hear it in my ear
Whether I be far or near;
Listen, all ye
That love the sea!

LAURIE H. PILLING.

The Stowaway of the Maui

WE were sailing out of the Golden Gate; it was chilly and very rough, but the scene was beautiful. My mother had just commented about the roughness of the sea to a nearby boy wearing dirty cords. He answered by saying that we should have been sailing out of Boston Harbor with him a year ago and we would know what roughness and coldness are. He then started to go to the rear of the ship.

We had been out two days when, to our amazement, we learned that valuable jewels had been stolen from one of the staterooms. It happened that one of the stewards passed by the room occupied by the boy whom we had met on the way out of the Golden Gate. The steward asked the boy for his room ticket; the steward no doubt thought it was rather strange that this boy should have the best stateroom on the ship. The boy didn't have a room ticket—nor any kind of ticket. He was a stowaway and a runaway from a reform school in California.

It happened that another ship heading for San Francisco was expected to pass in another hour. The captain, after searching the boy's stateroom, found the missing jewels; then he told the boy to get ready, for he was going to transfer him to this ship bound for San Francisco. The boy begged him not to, for he wanted to go to Honolulu where he could see his uncle.

Just the same, in an hour we saw a life-boat lowered, and some sailors with this boy, carrying life savers, were lowered into the indigo Pacific. They rowed the boat to the other ship which looked like a floating island. When our ship started to sail, it had one less boy aboard.

So the boy who had sailed out of Boston Harbor, who had the best stateroom aboard the ship Maui, was going to have to peel potatoes on his trip to San Francisco, on his way back to a reform school.

FRANCIS DAY.

Fire

The sirens are blowing
The engines slow down —
There's a big, roaring fire
That's burning our town.

The people are fleeing,
Their houses burn down —
As the fire's devouring
What's left of the town.

CATHERINE COBB.

Two Prayers

Two men went into the temple to pray,
One was a Pharisee —
A man of rank, high birth, and wealth —
But a hypocrite was he.

The other was a publican,
A man of sin and low degree —
Despised and scorned, looked down upon,
But meek and pure in soul was he.

The Pharisee prayed long and loud,
"I thank Thee, Lord, that I
Am not as other men who sin,
Pay not a tithe, extort and lie.

"Thanks be to Thee that I am not
E'en as this publican close by,
For twice each week I pray and fast,
And tithes of all I have, give I.

The publican did stand afar,
Nor would his eyes to heaven lift,
But smote upon his breast and cried,
"Dear Lord, of Thee I ask no gift

"But oh, my God, hear, grant my prayer,
Thy mercy on this sinful heart;
Yea, God, be merciful unto me,
A sinner who for sins would smart."

Oh God, in Thy great Judgment Day,
Grant Thou the mercy he did crave,
Bring down the proud and haughty soul,
The Pharisee rebuke and save.

FRANCES L. COLBY.

My Castle of Dreams

I'd like to be in the open air
Where the hills seem to meet the sky;
Where the setting sun sends its golden beams
Through the castle in which I'd lie.

I'd build it upon the highest hill,
'Mong the eucalyptus trees,
Where they stand like lofty sentinels tall,
Lulled by the whispering breeze.

The ceiling, the vast blue sky would be,
More fair than the crystal dome
Of an emperor's sumptuous marble hall
In far off ancient Rome.

Beneath my feet a carpet bright
Of poppies half hid by leaves,
As rich as luxurious Eastern rugs
Of fine Arabian weaves.

The setting sun, the rising sun,
Would send its glorious beams.
For what more could I wish for then,
In the castle of my dreams?

CARA SAWYER.

Christmas

HARD indeed is the heart which does not soften at the mention of Christmas. To be sure, there was Scrooge, but then Scrooge was an exception, and in the end even his granite heart thawed and imbibed the joys of Christmas giving. For the keynote of Christmas is not the receiving but the giving of gifts. And the giving is whole-souled, too, for "the gift without the giver is bare" is a truism that cannot be denied. It may be December 25, it may be January 1, but the Christmas spirit is there, whether it is sunny Italy or bleak Alaska, and all drop for once the shell in which they conceal themselves for the rest of the year. Cheer, Happiness, and Good Fellowship reign jointly, undisputed monarchs of the world. All cry huzza to them, and gloomy indeed must be the corner into which they do not penetrate, for their highnesses are verita-

ble Haroun-al-Raschids, and are equally at home with the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie.

On Christmas the whole world glows with a gentle, joyous, effervescent light which floods the world, entering every crack and crevice, however small or insignificant, until it seems as though the Golden Age has come again.

So All Hail to Christmas, Day of Days! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

JOEL LEE.

Myths

Our family's feeling quite fussed up.
It feels it's lost a friend,
We've all been hearing myths, myths, myths,
And now it's at an end.

For many months it's been our fortune —
Each time we've been together —
To hear that this god governed war,
Or that one ruled the weather.

If father tried to read at night,
A magazine or paper,
'Twas, "Daddy, please find Hercules,
Or Minerva and her taper."

And here's Apollo; Vulcan, too,
And Venus in her beauty;
Ceres, and her golden grain,
And Vesta's hearth-fire duty.

Will we e'er go to swim again
In just plain ocean waters?
Why no, we'll be in Neptune's realm,
With Nereus' mermaid daughters.

It's nice to know the myths so well,
But still, it's quite a pleasure
To put them in their proper place
As memories we'll treasure.

DORIS MACDONALD.

The Near Death of Ming Toy

LADY GREY, Lady for short, lay enjoying a semi-conscious nap while Ming Toy, Lady's mistress' sister's pert, sassy, yellow canary, was having a bath in the laundry.

Ming was feeling fine on this particular morning and something in the sunshiny air made him burst into a joyous song. No one within the block could help hearing it; so, of course, Lady heard. Her senses became suddenly alert and she knew exactly whence the sound came.

With a hasty movement not at all like her usual procedure of first stretching her fore, then hind quarters, and yawning openly, she now sprang from her bed, every muscle taut.

She was soon sitting outside the laundry door. It took her but a moment to discover that the door was insecurely closed. With her sharp little claws she was able to pry the door open just as the cage with the bird in it was being lifted and placed on its stand.

Now as you probably know, all canaries fly at a chance for freedom and Ming Toy ran true to form. At the first chance of escape Ming Toy darted away and was out of the cage. Like an arrow from the bow Lady was swiftly speeding through the air. A second later a screeching bird was in the jaws of a small grey cat. After a few very noisy moments, poor, half-dead Ming was rescued.

Ming Toy spent the rest of that day in front of the heater with many dressed wounds covering his body. However, the next week he was as sound as ever; but always Ming Toy carried a deathly fear of the great, green-eyed monster, Lady Grey.

LOIS SANDNER.

My Creed

To appreciate my home and school,
To go always by the Golden Rule,
To help others in the hour of need,
That is my creed.

With a smile go on my way,
To be kind to others day by day,
To plant in my garden the Sun Flower seed,
That is my creed.

MARGARITA GRIGGS.

Pickett's Charge

Across the mile-wide valley the Union soldiers lay,
And watched the coming troops with anger and dismay.
For up the summit and swaying along,
Came Pickett's men — fifteen thousand strong.
Their ranks were thinning with every shell,
For every acre, thousands fell.
The ground was stained with heroes' blood,
Trampled in the gory mud,
They charged the Union batteries; upon the hill of death
Scores and hundreds dropped, and sighed their final breath.
And for a bloody instant, they held their flag on high,
Until the Union troops, with cool and leveled eye,
Mowed down the cream of Pickett's men
And drove them from the ridge again,
Back from the very cannon's mouth,
To stop the drive of a desperate South.

DICK H. HEMP.

Knighthood in Bloom

OUR teacher made our high eighth grade Knights. We were knighted for the purpose of making ourselves more useful to our country and to others also. We have all become wearers of armor. Each link represents something. My links are made up of love, honesty, responsibility, and reverence. My sword is courage and my shield is truth. My breastplate is loyalty and my helmet, wisdom.

Now, you wonder what sparkles so on the handle of my sword. Why, it is a row of jewels. I put one on each time I sacrifice something or risk my life for some one.

Knights, on our steeds of Inspiration, we each have a different idea of what we would like to accomplish, as we start out on the highway of life.

My fellow-classmates, we have started the race of life and I hope and know success will end this race. Knighthood is once more in bloom — but this time in our English class.

JUNE BOFINGER.

Impromptu

Euterpe! How you guard the font
Of Inspiration's light;
My mind just *will* not function, though
I've tried with all my might.

I'm s'posed to write a poem on
Mythologic things;
But thoughts of how to write and rhyme
Have all just taken wings.

And Nox, descending from afar,
Darkens Dian's keep;
I call to him who blesses us:
"Oh, Somnus! Let me sleep!"

CHRISTINE MCPHEE.

An Experience of Two Boys in a Great University

ONE day when we were coming home from the Stadium we stumbled into Stephens Union where we started our career. There stood a man with a weary look in his eyes. Anybody could tell he wanted two brainy boys to work for him during this depression.

We said, "Hello," and he said, "I knew when you boys first came into the door that there were two great personalities for my business. I want outsiders to sell programs and make the hard pressed public share their money with the others."

So far, during our career we have made the people forget their troubles.

We trade the public a program for twenty-five cents. All of them are getting the best for their money. If they don't like to read they can look at the funny faces of the players in the program.

We get into the game free and make a lot of money.

JOHN GOLDING,
TOM PAULI.

Where?

OVER the earth a stillness lay — a whispering, morbid silence. The heavens had lowered a curtain of white mist, and the world lay swathed in a deep, deep fog. Unreality seemed to hang over the universe like a dark form of horror.

In Africa, the natives cowered in terror. Fog was an unknown thing to them and they were horror-stricken. The people of England remarked how thick the fog was; thicker than ever remembered before, and hurried to their warm fires to escape the depressing atmosphere that seemed to cling to them even in their homes. The people of South America prayed to their gods and ran wildly to the jungles to die under the claws of wild beasts. The people of America were excited. The fog now had lasted two days, and cablegrams from all over the world stated that the condition everywhere was the same and people were getting hysterical.

So lay the world — that small piece of material in the great vastness of the stellar universe — before the end. Suddenly, in the middle of the third day, the whole earth seemed to quiver and shake and it gave a lurch. Tall buildings fell, and a great crack broke in the center of America.

A few minutes later, the earth was one whirling mass of fire hurtling through the air, dying and crumpling into ashes as it fell — fell — where?

PAULINE HEMP.

My Little Sister

I have a little sister with eyes of sparkling brown,
Who's never still a moment, always getting up and down.
Her little hands and feet are busy all the day,
Wouldn't you think that sometimes she would be too tired to play?

There's mischief in her merry eyes and little, turned-up nose —
First she's in the pantry,
Then she's playing with the hose.
Next she's into Sister's room, trying on her clothes,
Then struts up to the mirror and powders her saucy nose.

Although she's into everything,
From morning until night,
We all just think the world of her
And find her "our delight."

GEORGE REED.

The Swamp Angel

CHRISTMAS! On the lips of all the people.
Christmas! In the sparkling eyes of the happy children.
Christmas! Vibrating in the tingling air.
Christmas everywhere! That is — almost everywhere.

The little parsonage on the hill seemed somehow without this festive spirit. In the dingy parlor, the young minister's wife was sitting, her blue eyes mournfully serious, her soft hair hanging in wisps about her face.

Those eyes should have been smiling; those lips curved up — but they weren't. "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," the clear voices of the choir rang from the church next door. "Joy to the world! Pure sarcasm," Anne thought, and got up and closed the window.

For there was to be no Christmas celebration at the parsonage that year. John, Anne's handsome and very-much-in-earnest husband, had gone to a convention in another state. Too, the check had not come. John's slim check, upon which so much depended. Their Christmases had never been lavish, but they *had* been Christmases. Now the children would be so disappointed, but what could she do? She had very nearly worn out her credit at the small town grocery store, so toys were an impossibility. Things looked black, especially as four-year-old Tommy had set his heart and soul on having the "Swamp Angel."

This is how it had happened:

Tommy and Annette, (the six-year-old of the family) had gone to the drug store on an errand. As they passed the glittering windows of "Gould's General Emporium," Tommy sighted the Swamp Angel. Of all toys dear to boyish hearts, this was one of the dearest — a toy cannon. Beautifully shiny it was, gold trimmed and silver. There it stood — so near — yet so very distant — and all the more wonderful because of this distance. "Thirty-five cents" it was marked in plain black letters. It might just as well have been five dollars, Tommy knew. So he stood there adoring it, while Annette impatiently tugged at his arm.

Nothing would do but that Anne go down and see this miraculous cannon. It was so small, so cheap, yet so impossible. Thirty-five cents is a small price for happiness, but Anne did not know where that thirty-five cents was coming from. The only money she had in her possession was last Sunday's collection, which she had to give to the treasurer the next Sunday. Would thirty-five cents be missed? But still, she was a minister's wife and wasn't there something about "Do unto others — ?"

The days passed slowly. Every day Tommy rushed to the store to see if his Swamp Angel was there. How people could overlook such a gem he did not see. And then — the day before Christmas — it was gone! He rushed home sobbing wildly. Anne cuddled and kissed and comforted him until his sobs ceased, but oh! how a rather knobby parcel in Anne's bureau drawer weighed on her mind.

That night the children hung up their stockings rather seriously. They expected them to be quite the same in the morning as they were at that minute. Anne watched them with tears in her eyes. When they had gone to bed, Anne sat down and cried. She was young and inexperienced, and to her the situation seemed even more tragic than it was.

Suddenly she heard a step outside, hands fumbling to open the latch. Wiping her eyes as she went, she opened the door and there stood — John. His arms were full of bundles; his eyes were smiling.

And so Christmas *was* a Christmas for the little parsonage on the hill. Anne still has the Swamp Angel — a little battered, but still intact — as a remembrance of the happiest Christmas she ever knew.

BETTY MARX.

“Thisee Deplession”

Ching Fong Lee, a Chinaman,
Walking down the street,
Seeing paper on the ground
Picks it up to read.

Reads of banks that now have flopped
Stores are “forced to quit,”
Ev’rything is very cheap —
Business is hit.

“This deplession everywhere,
Whatee does it mean?
Does it mean the countly’s bust?
Mussee use my bean.”

Naughty brick to trip him up!
Changes not expression.
Smiles and looks serenely calm:
“Mussee be deplession!”

CHRISTINE MCPHEE.

Tommy Drews

HAROLD DREWS watched the ship as it came into dock. It had been rumored that some ship coming in would bear a ruby of over twenty thousand dollars in value. That this ruby would be smuggled in was also spoken of among customs officials. That is why Customs Officer Drews looked at the ship, wondering if it might bear the ruby.

Drews was assigned to the A to D section. The ship in, he became busy examining luggage of Mr. H. A. Ardant, who seemed to have very little for a traveler. His luggage consisted of two small suitcases. Going through them, Drews could find nothing wrong. However, he was suspicious of a man with so little luggage, and so well-dressed. So he ordered Mr. Ardant searched. Mr. Ardant seemed quite willing to be searched and went into the compartment where he was to be examined. The officers looked through the clothing but could find nothing wrong. Meanwhile, Drews looked in the suitcases twice but could find nothing concealed.

Mr. Ardant now appeared, waiting to get the cases. Customs Officer Drews now saw the cigar that Ardant had in his mouth had not been smoked since his arrival on the dock. Why was this? He asked for the cigar and looked at it. Nothing wrong at all. Still Drews was suspicious. He gazed at Mr. Ardant's little black poodle dog and whistled to it. The dog came slowly and whined. The customs officer offered the dog an apple. Instead of taking it, the dog gnawed Officer Drew's thumb. There seemed to be a peculiar round tooth in the dog's mouth. Drews pulled it and it came out. Inside it was the twenty thousand dollar ruby. The dog barked joyfully to be rid of the troublesome tooth.

Mr. Ardant was fined fifty thousand dollars. The little black poodle became Tommy "Drews."

DAVID MANBEY.

Jack Frost's Elves

Jack Frost's elves trip o'er the green
And leave it white with a magic sheen.
They dance round trees that aren't yet bare,
And paint them with a gay bright flare
Of rusty orange, red and gold,
And skip away across the mould
To deck the panes with jewels bright,
Then tiptoe off ere wanes the night.

FRANCES LEONA COLBY.

Old John Marshall

Old John Marshall discovered gold
In the hills of California in days of old.
He had a mill not far away,
Where he worked and toiled for many a day.

He was out by the mill, closing the gate,
When he picked up a nugget that had great weight —
“Eureka,” he cried, “it’s gold I’ve found,”
So he hurried to a rock and the gold he did pound.

When, back at the fort, Captain Sutter was told
“Yes, sir,” he agreed, “you have found gold.”
So that’s the story of our golden state,
The story of a nugget that had great weight.

MARYALICE JOHNSON.

The Pilgrims

From far across the sea,
About three hundred years ago,
Came people in a small sail-ship —
Their names, I’m sure you know.

For these people were the Pilgrims,
And as history books relate,
Were seeking religious freedom,
And braving any fate.

They sighted land in November,
’Twas a stormy, cloudy day,
But they, in their small lifeboats
Cast out upon the bay.

The wind rushed round about them,
Indeed, it seemed to mock
The tired and weary people
As they stepped on Plymouth Rock.

But in spite of all winds howling,
And the sound of breakers roar,
They began at once to make their homes,
On bleak New England’s shore.

JEANNE WAGY

A Fairy Story

HE descended over the wall in all his splendor. Yes, a gallant creature was this Prince Charming. The garden wherein he descended was beautiful beyond all expression.

Ah! His quest was not in vain, for there sat his lady-love in marvelous furs and silks, and all her regal splendor. He whistled, and at sight of her beloved, the princess ran to his side.

"Ah, Prince Charming! Thou hast come for me at last! Methought thou wouldst ne'er return!" whispered the Princess.

"Yes, Loved One, and I thought the same, for my bodyguard stayed so close, methought 'twould not be possible to depart, but I am here, so worry not. Hast thou thy royal robes with thee so'st we can 'fly the coop' to the land of our dreams?" queried the Prince.

"Oh, yes, Most Loved of All," said Princess DeLite, "they reclineth yonder 'neath my royal chair."

Running, Prince Charming took up the royal valise and grasping his lovely lady in his strong arms, threw the two over the wall, and then crossed the wall after them.

Princess DeLite was indeed angry at this treatment, and cried and sobbed, "L-listen h-here, Bud McPherson, I can't stand that f-from no one and fer that, I ain't gonna play with you no more. That mean ole cat I had 'round my neck for a fur just scratched me terrible when you threw me over the fence, and now he's run away."

"Well, I'm sick of it myself, Miss Margie Perkins, and it's too hot with these sacks and whatnot draped all over me," replied Prince Charming sulkily.

ARDYTH KINCAID.

Nature's Music

I've never heard any music as lovely

As the wind whistling through the trees;

I've heard harps played —

But I like the wind when it plays its harp on the trees;

I've heard drums played —

But none like the ocean beating on the rocky shores;

I've heard pianos played —

But none as lovely as the rain beating on the window pane;

I've heard all kinds of man-made music —

But none as lovely as Nature's own.

LEONARD PEAT.

Dreams of the Sea

The thing that I love best of all,
Is walking by the sea —
I need not say a single word,
Yet it answers back to me;
I love to sit upon the sand,
And gaze out o'er the waste,
To watch the billows rise and fall
With crests of foamy lace;
When eventide comes stealing in,
I have to leave my friend,
But through the long and dreamy night,
Its message it will send.

MARIAN BICKMORE.

Hands

Hands.
Great, groping, murderous hands,
Delicate, white, passionately searching hands,
Slender, enchanting hands.

Honest, blunt-fingered hands,
Worn with toil and labor.

Hands that have slain,
Hands that have blest,
Hands that caressed.

Dissolve into one,
Hands at rest.

JOEL LEE

The Nautilus

Under the ice and snow,
Fifty feet or so,
Glides the Nautilus.
Nearer and nearer the goal,

Close to the icebound pole,
Creeps the Nautilus.
Hear their tale of woe,
For the air is running low

Inside the Nautilus.
The commander's face is grave,
For how can he save
His gallant Nautilus?

"All divers in suits and out,
This fiend Death we'll rout,
And save our Nautilus."
"Aye, sir, we'll do as you will

And blast this icy hill
To save our Nautilus."
"Put in the dynamite blast
Then reverse full speed! Fast!

We'll save the Nautilus."
A gaping hole appears in the snow
Another—another—all in a row—
They saved the Nautilus.

WALLACE MACFARLANE.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails
shaking
And a gray mist on the sea's face,
And a gray dawn breaking."—*John Masefield.*

OUT on the seas of life, we struggle alone. The storm and the tempest's fury toss us about like leaves in a playful autumn wind. It will be of no use to cry out. No one will hear. God, the great mariner, is the master of our destiny. We must not falter. The golden star of success is our ever-present goal. We must sail on. Our ship must be sturdy. Education will make it so.

Our own lives will decide whether we are to sink in mid-sea, or whether we are to write our names in flaming letters that will reflect on a calm summer sea, to be remembered forever.

So, with the joy of the strife, set out anew. Take hold of the wheel, and set your course straight ahead. Laugh at the wind and the waves. Sail On!

BUD SQUIRES, *Editor.*



STUDENT OFFICERS

Irene Bassetti

Roland Bauer

Jane Flower

Stanley Adams

Harvey Lyman

Ruth Healy

Bob Boone

Shirley Kay

Editorial

THEY are gone but not forgotten."

We will soon say this of the graduating class of December, 1931, as we have said it of others before them. As a member of the Low Nine class on the Gleaner staff, I wish to say that the experienced High Nine members have been an inspiration to us, and I hope that next year, if we are on the staff, we will be as capable as they have been.

We have tried to make this year's Gleaner one of the best that has been put forth. All the literary material has been gone over carefully, and it was very hard to decide what to put in, because everything was so good.

We hope that you will enjoy this Gleaner and want to keep it always as a memory of your Garfield school days.

LENORE HENNESSEY, *Literary Editor*



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The Mistletoe Bough

FOR a while the school was buzzing with it. Tags appeared on certain envied persons bearing the three mysterious words "The Mistletoe Bough." Questions—questions—questions, and no answers! But in about a week anyone who did not know what those three words meant could certainly not be called an active member of Garfield School.

The Virginia Reelers in the first scene gaily reeled under the direction of Mrs. Smith in her bungalow. In the auditorium, the mourners tearfully mourned with the help of Mrs. Gray and our experienced Mrs. Beckwith. Miss Stout trained Maypole Dances and the Wand Dance. Miss Patton worked with our dainty bride, Lenore Hennessey, in the second scene in which she alone took part. The last scene was a great credit, too, Miss Wilson being responsible for the training. The main characters were Lenore Hennessey as Lady Geneva, Bud Squires as Lord Lovell, Doris Macdonald as Baroness Montague, Frank Cayting as Baron Montague, Jane Malmgren as the May Queen, Christine McPhee as the housekeeper, and Phyllis Johnson as the little girl.

The art teachers and Garfield's best artists worked hard and fast on the scenery and costumes, and the effect was certainly beautiful.

HORTENSE JONES.

Thirty-five



Library Day

THE Garfield annual Library Day is the biggest event of the season. It was held this year on Friday, October sixteenth.

Nearly everyone in the entire school turns out to partake in the different festivities. Those that do not take an interest in it wish they had before the day is over.

All who take part wear costumes which represent books or different characters in them. Many of the parents come to enjoy the performance. They get as much joy out of watching as do those taking part. The day is then brought to a close by a dance in the gym.

EDWARD SMITH.



The Berkeley Carnival

AMONG the many things which have happened this term perhaps the most interesting and entertaining event was the Berkeley Carnival held at Berkeley High, in which many schools took part. Miss Victorine Hartley was head of this event. It was given to get money for the new musical instruments for the various bands and orchestras. Miss Hartley is to be highly praised for her ideas, cooperation, and all the time she spent on the affair to make it successful. This carnival took place on the nineteenth of September. There were plays, stands of cold drinks, hot dog stands, haunted houses, horseback riding, and many other things that let to making money for new musical instruments.

HORTENSE JONES.

The Egyptian Play

ASK any Garfieldite what the best program in the Berkeley Schools Carnival was, and he will answer, "The Egyptian Play." It was given twice for the Carnival and once for Library Day, each time a tremendous success. Mrs. Smith, the director, worked until the play went like clockwork. Miss Quandt very kindly gave her valuable time to teaching dances.

Our unequalled Art Department spent much time and trouble on the stage setting, which was very striking. Altogether the play was successful, artistically and financially. All other Garfield concessions were successful, also.

BETTY MARX.



Girls' Volley Ball

THIS year, the girls' volley ball teams won the championship in volley ball over all the other Berkeley Junior High Schools.

The first set of games of the season was played September 29, 1931, at Edison. Edison won the eighth grade games and Garfield won the ninth grade games.

The second set of games was played with Willard at Garfield on October 1, 1931. Garfield won all four games.

The last set of games was with Burbank on October 6, 1931, at Garfield. Garfield won all four games.

On the whole, the girls have had a successful term in their athletics.

IRENE BASSETTI.

Block "G" Society

THE Block "G" Society started this fall term with seven members. Three of the boys in the society will graduate at the end of the term. The fall initiation was held in November for the boys who had won their letters in volley ball.

The boys were on the job in the line of activities of the school. They have given two dances, helped in taking care of the Music Carnival at Berkeley High, and helped to make Garfield's Library Day a success.

The term was closed by an Italian dinner, which is a semi-annual event in honor of the graduating High Nines.

ROLAND BAUER.

Noon Leagues

MANY of the High Nine girls were on the school volley ball team, so they did not have much time for noon leagues. As it was, however, Virginia Guild's team won the honors in the High Nine grade.

In the Low Nine, Norma Tomlinson's team won easily, while Georgine Drew's team won victories over the other High Eight teams.

At the same time, the lower grades were playing bat ball. In the Low Eight, Miss Gay's team won. In the High Seven, the combined teams of Miss Grover and Mr. Boehne's classes easily won, while in the Low Seven, it was a walkaway for the team which was made up of Mrs. Johnson's class.

IRENE BASSETTI.

Calendar

- August 10. Who's your advisor? Who's in your class?
August 11. Classes start. Our beloved home-work begins.
August 12. Regular classes. Scrubs get lost. Boo Hoo!
August 14. Free dance. Hooray for Mickey Mouse!
August 17. G. S. A. drive on. "Which class will be first?"
August 19. First "Day of Silence." Keep mum!
August 21. Storm King comes to visit us. Dance after school.
August 28. Lou dnoises from the auditorium. Scrubs rehearsing for P. T. A. program.
- September 1. First P. T. A. meeting. Our mothers attend in force.
September 4. Tom Sawyer, a real "talkie" at Garfield.
September 7, 8, 9. Hooray for the Governor! Three days to rest our weary (?) brains.
September 11. Reward of merit. Free G. S. A. dance.
September 15. White Elephants! More White Elephants!!
September 19. All Berkeley takes part in big Carnival.
September 28. Library Day discussed. What shall we represent?
September 29. Volley ball game in gym. Garfield victorious.
October 2. A grand "movie" for lucky G. S. A. students. Everyone enjoyed it.
October 9. Dance in gym. As usual, enjoyed by all who felt rich enough to spend a nickel.
October 13. Getting-ready assemblies for Library Day.
October 16. Garfield's annual Library Day! No classes. A big parade at nine thirty; a *swell* show at 2:00, and horse-back riding all afternoon.
October 21. Dads' night! A wonderful program!
October 26. The Mistletoe Bough! What do all the tags mean?
October 28. The Big Secret is out. The Mistletoe Bough is a play.
November 2. Pay five cents, get five tags and a piece of mistletoe.
November 4. Rehearsals for The Mistletoe Bough in full swing.
November 10. The great day! The Mistletoe Bough is one of the most successful performances we have had.
November 12. Report cards! Brrr! We'd better work hard.
November 13. Armistice Week program. Mr. Ormsby Donogh addresses us. Also volley ball teams get eats. Lucky athletes!

- November 17. Art classes go visiting to the High School. Civics classes visit City Hall. We are glad they weren't locked in the jail.
- November 20. Seventh and eighth grade Honor Society have movie and eats.
- November 24. Prospective classes from elementary schools visit us. The Mistletoe Bough cast entertains.
- November 25. Ninth Grade Honor Society has gay celebration. "Clementine" wins the hearts of the boys.
- December 8. Boys' Glee, Girls' Glee, and A Cappella sing carols for the P. T. A.
- December 10. A Cappella chorus carols for the church ladies.
- December 15. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Graduation rehearsal.
- December 16. March! March! March! Preliminary graduation.
- December 17. Graduation! Smiles and tears!

LENORE HENNESSEY.

Prominent Garfield Alumni

Kathryn Esbleman, once a member of the Gleaner staff, is now a reporter on the Post-Enquirer.

Dwight Bartholomew is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and was city editor of the Daily Californian.

Theodore Heinrich has been writing a series of articles for House Beautiful.

Mary Frances Thelen, having graduated as a member of Phi Beta Kappa, is now studying theology at Columbia University.

Telete Lester, who is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, sang the leading feminine rôle in the opera presented this semester by University students.

Fred Stripp is now president of the University of California student body.

Chili Bertoli was captain of Berkeley High football team.

Ritchie Smith, Garfield 1919, visited school one day recently, and said, "I have seen the original Venus de Milo in the Louvre at Paris, and many other famous statues, but never one which influenced me as much as 'Inspiration,' which I am glad to see that you still have at Garfield."

Hallowe'en

Whist! There's a noise in the back yard! Scat!
Could it have been the big black cat?
No, it didn't sound much like that.

I saw a pumpkin rolling 'round,
And no one pushed it on the ground,
But I was brave and walked up to it,
Trying to find how it could do it.

And what do you think? A tiny mouse
Thought that pumpkin was a house
With walls made of the sweetest cheese,
A house where a mouse could never freeze.

And while he raced around and 'round,
That small house traveled o'er the ground,
'Til after awhile the big black cat
Chased the pumpkin and caught the rat.

JOHN CAVE.

Extracts from the Diary of an Author

Sept. 15, 19—. Today Sir James Baldwin came to call on me. I think he is my best friend and, really, he can tell of more queer things that he learned in his explorations. He has promised to come tomorrow and tell me a story of a great mystery.

Sept. 16, 19—. Sir James has come and gone, leaving me filled with wonder at what he told me. I am going to tell it to you, Diary, and I know you will keep it secret.

"Off the coast of one of the larger continents, about two thousand miles, is a small, triangular shaped island about forty-five square miles in area," he said, as we sat in my poorly furnished room at —Berkshire Lane, London, "and in it is one of the greatest mysteries man has ever created. The mystery is a set of statues ranging from four feet to thirty-seven in height, but on the average they are about fourteen. The meaning of these statues has puzzled explorers for years and years, but it was my good fortune to discover the meaning when I was dragging a net along the sea bottom for fish. It came up with the fish (unfortunately there were no new specimens), in the form of a tablet made from a peculiar material, easy to write on but indestructible. It was covered with picture writing which after some work I was able to translate. The person who wrote it died swiftly and suddenly, for the writing stopped abruptly. I was able to fill in the finishing lines, myself."

"But why could not the natives of the island explain it?" I asked. "Surely they must have some explanation, some tradition, perhaps."

"That's the point," he told me. "The early inhabitants of that island were wiped completely off the map! Wiped off by a force strong enough to overturn immense stone statues and to destroy all trace of a lost race except the one I found."

"You understand of course that all that I tell you will be confidential, as I am not yet ready to reveal my discoveries to the world."

I promised, and here, Diary, is the story he told me.

THE STORY

Part I—The Love of Ja

In pre-historic times this island was peopled entirely by a white race. Though white in skin, they were as savage as any wild beast which roams the African jungle.

Mo was an under priest of the Lizard, the God of Gods to these savages.

Mo should have been content with his lot in life, but he wanted that which was just beyond his reach. He wanted none but Ja, the high priestess of his tribe, for his wife. Her skin was white as the whitest sea-foam. Her lips were full and red like the scarlet of Xlana flowers which grew wild on the hills of the island. Her eyes, long, slanting, and of the color of emeralds, were fringed with long, curling black lashes. Her hair hung down to her waist and was the color of the raven's wing in the sunlight. And she loved Mo and wished to marry him. It was for that purpose that she called the tribe together in front of her temple.

"My people, Ja, the high priestess of the Lizard wishes to ask something of you. Something which will bring much happiness to the heart of Ja. Ja loves!" her bell-like oriental voice rang out in the surprised silence. "Ja loves a man! A strong handsome man, but he is below her rank. But if Ja is allowed to marry him, she will bring prosperity and good fortune to the tribe of the Lizard."

"Ja," it was Ne, the chief of the tribe who spoke, "you know well the law of the Lizard, set down when he created this world. He said that none of his servants should marry on penalty of his wrath. That is all. I have spoken the will of the tribe."

"Then," cried Ja, her magnetic eyes ablaze with fury, "Then on the night of the sacrifice to the Lizard, I will bring about the destruction of this island and all of its people. Ja has spoken and her will shall be done!"

Part II—The Wrath of Ja

The two hundred men and maidens to be sacrificed to the Liz-

(Continued on Page Forty-six)

Experience as Traffic Police

WHEN I made my application for a position as a traffic cop, I had no idea I would get the position. I had another surprise when my squad elected me Sergeant of the morning squad. There are six of us in my squad: first corporal, second corporal, first officer, second officer, and a substitute.

We wear red sweaters and yellow caps trimmed in red. I am the only one in my squad who has a whistle; the others work the stop signs which we use to stop cars.

We have to meet at Garfield every school morning at fifteen minutes to eight to get our sweaters and stop signs. We then march out to the corner of Rose and Grove streets. We stay there and stop traffic whenever it is necessary to let the children cross the street. We come back to the school when we figure there are no more children crossing.

For this work, we get cards so we can go to a show four times a week.

Many of the fellows make fun of us, when they know very well they wish they were with us. The traffic squad work is very interesting.

CHARLES SMITH.

Graduation Program

ON the morning of Thursday, December 17, our graduating exercises will be held. A splendid program is being prepared. Members of the graduating class will sing "Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." Our chief speakers will be two distinguished alumni, Miss Kathryn Eshleman, recent honor graduate of the University of California, and Fred Stripp, Jr., President of the Associated Students of the University. The Garfield orchestra will play, and several other musical numbers will be given. The "G's" will be presented by Dr. W. S. Morgan, a member of the Board of Education, and with the final benediction, one hundred fifty-one High Nines will join the ranks of Garfield Alumni. Vale!

Jokes



Envy the wife of the Eskimo,
Up in the land of ice and snow;
Her worries are few and far between,
With life secluded and quite serene;
She's safe and secure from doorbell hound
And Frigidaire salesmen on their rounds.

♦♦♦

Don't worry, little Freshman,
Here's one lesson less to learn.
You won't have to take the fire drill,
For you're too green to burn.

♦♦♦

Fred. B.: "There was a burglar in our home last night."

Teacher: "What did your father do under the circumstances?"

Fred B.: "He wasn't under the circumstances—he was under the bed."

♦♦♦

Paul: "I got my mustache on the installment plan."

Dudley: "Installment plan?"

Paul: "Yes, a little down each week."

♦♦♦

"The slow thinkers live longer," says a prominent teacher. "Not if they cross the street," says John Doane.

♦♦♦

Richard Roach at Barbara Libby's Hallowe'en party: "Hey, Rushforth, what is the idea of washing your spoon off in the finger bowl?"

Bob R.: "D'ye think I want to get ice cream all over my pocket?"

Miss Gay: "'I have went'; that's wrong, isn't it?"

Richard Becker: "Yes."

Miss Gay: "Why is it wrong?"

Richard B.: "Because you ain't went yet."

♦♦♦

NOT A GOOD SCOUT

Father: "When I was a boy, I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk."

Brooks: "Well, I don't think much of it myself."

♦♦♦

"When you were in the navy, what struck you most forcibly about life at sea?"

"The deck — when I first tried to sleep in a hammock."

Patronize Our Advertisers

(Continued from Page Forty-three)

ard were standing before two hundred stone statues on the slope of the islands facing the sea.

These statues represented seated human figures, a peaceful look on their faces.

As darkness came, thousands of torches were lit. Each of the ill-fated two hundred was tied by the left foot to the high shoulder of a statue. By the torch light these victims were pierced in parts of their bodies, not fatally, but so that death would result finally from loss of blood.

The torch light flickered on the bloody faces of these people twisted in agony. Their screams drowned the roar of the waves beating against the shore. Terror filled the night.

Then the dance began. Around and around the statues circled the frenzied victims. It was an orgy of killing, a cannibalistic rite by the light of the moon, a dance in human blood.

The music of the drums was accentuated by the screams of the dying. Faster and faster went the dance. The drums beat incessantly.

High above it all sat Ja and by her side sat Mo.

"You are not afraid to die?" Ja asked.

"No," said Mo, "for I love you."

"And I love you, Mo, and that is why I am bringing the destruction of this tribe, so we can be happy in the kingdom of the Lizard. Listen!"

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Far to the south sounded a rumble and rushing. Over the sound of the bloody ceremony below it came, louder and louder.

"What is it?" Mo asked curiously.

"Water," was the quiet response. "A wall of water, coming to destroy."

The rite went on. Then all sound stopped. The tribe, too, had heard it.

They turned toward the ocean and saw their doom coming rapidly towards the island.

With a roar and a rush it came.

The dying screams were drowned in the angry waves.

The statues were overturned. All the living things on the island were destroyed. And Ja and Mo went too, enfolded in each other's arms, content to die.

Water covered the island, and peace reigned. The waters receded, leaving nothing but overturned statues in their wake. And silence reigned, echoed silence, broken by the lap, lap, lapping of the waves on the shore.

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THIS is a true story my great grandmother used to tell of the adventures she had in her early married life. When over ninety years of age, she used to gather her great grandchildren around her easy chair, and tell us this story:

"We started out over the prairie from Kansas City with quite a large party of pioneers. The fine alkali dust was almost unbearable at times, but after weeks of crossing plains and mountains, we finally neared California. After crossing the Rocky Mountains, we met the ill-fated Donner party, and traveled with them for several days, but our route lay in a different direction. We left them and finally reached California, settling in a little valley north of San Francisco, which we named Pleasant Valley.

"One day, after we had been there a few weeks — and were still living in tents — your great grandfather left old Uncle Johnny to take care of the children and me, while he went on a two days' trip for supplies. Uncle Johnny was an old man who was a relative of ours and had crossed the plains with us. Your great grandfather

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had no idea as to the fate which might have befallen us while he was away.

"That evening, when all was peaceful and quiet and I had put the children to bed, there were — all of a sudden — shrieks and howls and barks from the dogs. I knew by the howls that the wolves must have descended on us. All the protection we had was an Indian blanket stretched across the front of the tent, to keep out the wind and the cold. That was all that stood between us and the wolves.

"Hand me a gun, Uncle Johnny," I said.

"I stood there with the gun to my shoulder and waited for whatever might happen. Little by little, the barking stopped as the dogs were killed, and we could hear the wolves prowling about. Finally they went away.

"If the hunger of the wolves had not been satisfied, and they had attacked our tent, you would not have had me for your great grandmother," said the good old lady, as she rocked back and forth in her chair.

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Harvey Lyman: "Mr. Corley, there's a man outside to see you with a mustache."

Mr. Corley: "Tell him I have one already."

Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay after school alone.

Mr. Hennessey: "Have you been reading Longfellow?"

Joel Lee: "No, only about a quarter of an hour."

Murderer's Wife (calling jail on phone): "Let me speak to my husband."

Warden: "Sorry, madam, your party just hung up."

Mr. Hennessey: "I am dismissing you early. Please go out quietly so as not to wake up the other classes."

A miner after his first visit to a modern dentist: "He used the air drill on me, but I escaped before he could put the dynamite in."

Bud Squires, at the circus with his mother: "Mother' doesn't that monkey look like Grandpa?"

Mother: "Hush, sonny, you shouldn't say things like that."

Bud: But the monkey can't understand, can he, mother?"

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Whose gleaming tresses
Lash around a small white face
As she storms and stamps
Flinging shapely jeweled arms.
Her filmy . . . sparkling garments
Swirl around slender ankles
As . . . silver twinkling feet
Hardly touch the ground.
Faster . . . yet faster
She whirls — and rages.
Crystal droplets
On shell pink ears
Flash . . . swing madly to and fro
And drop.
She stoops
To recover her trinket
And . . . swoons.

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Salesman: "Do you want this suit with a belt in the back and cuffs on the pants?"

John Doane: "No, do you want a sock in the eye?"

Mother, who brings home lady friend for tea: "Why, Mary, you have already strained the tea."

"Yes, mother."

"Where did you find the strainer?"

"I didn't find it, I used the fly swatter."

"Oh! I am going to faint."

"That's all right, mother, I used the old one."

"By the way, will you lend ———"

"It's no use, old man, I'll not lend you a cent."

"I mean, will you lend ———"

"Not a cent, old man, so don't ask me."

"Never mind, old chap. I wanted to ask you if you would lend me your fountain pen so that I could write you a check for what I owe you. But it doesn't matter now, I've changed my mind."

For Boys Only! Read backwards.

This read doesn't that girl every with wrong something is there.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Mr. Hennessey: If you aren't out of sight by the time I count five——!

Miss Riley: Sit down!

Miss Stout: Five for the day!

Miss Martin: Don't be *careless*, be *careful*!

Mrs. Smith: But, of course, if you play a record, you can't expect to get more than a "B."

Mr. Perry: * ! x * x (censored by editors).

Miss Hamsher: Hands in position! Ready! Begin!

Mrs. Kleeberger: Adios, senores—Hasta luego—Oh, excuse me, children!

Miss Morse: It's so beautiful—it hurts!

Miss Collar: You should see how my Eighth Grade class comes in!

♦♦♦
Jim: "You should see my new railroad radio."

Jack: "What d'ye mean?"

Jim: "It whistles at every station."

♦♦♦
Vernon: "Bob's making piles of dough every day."

Dick: "Yes? How so?"

"Vernon: "He's stacking cookies in a bakery."

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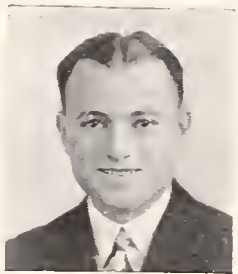
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There once was a funny old man,
Who bought an old Buick sedan;
It didn't have brakes,
But that's what it takes
To stop any second-hand can.

There was a fine teacher named Brennan
Who was very strict on your hemmin';
She gave us a tip
That we had to rip,
And thus took the pleasure from hemmin'.

There was a young lady named Collar
Made you feel like a nickel instead of a dollar,
She rose up in class
And said, "Children, pass,—
If you don't, I am likely to holler."

There once was a teacher named Brush
Who always read French in a rush,
When asked why we do it,
She said, "It sounds cu-it,
And please call me Mademoiselle Brush."

A certain young college boy had written home to his father that he would graduate if he passed his exams. So, naturally, the father told all his friends that his son was going to graduate. Then—exam day came. Later the boy sent a telegram to his older brother at home saying:

"I have failed in exams. Prepare father for bad news."
The brother wired back: "Father prepared. Prepare yourself."

Mr. Rushforth: "What is HNO₂?"
Student: "Er-oh gee, it's right on the tip of my tongue."
Mr. Rushforth: "Well, spit it out! It's nitric acid."

